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reasonably short time. I again appealed to my mandarins. This time they held a consultation, lasting about five hours, which time they spent sipping tea and wagging their queues, now and then uttering short sentences in genuine Chinese falsetto. The upshot of it was, that by engaging about twenty to thirty-five translating, reading, condensing, compiling, erasing, correcting, comparing, and approving mandarins at a ruinous rate, I found that I could get off a monthly article of about three quarto pages of two columns each, provided it is printed in moderately large type. To save time, therefore, I acquiesced in the above arrangement, and next month I shall send the first installment of the History of Kiang to follow this the preface to what I consider to be a novel and curious history.

— — —
 "AS THE LOVE, SO IS THE LIFE."

As the love is, so is life.

Lovest thou the Beautiful?

Earthly roads are filled with strife;

Earthly skies are grey and dull.

To the Beautiful awake,

Thou shalt walk in sheltered ways,

Seeing through the cloud-roof break

Heaven's all-glorifying rays.

As the love is, so is life.

Dost thou truly seek the True?

Error is a fatal knife

Cutting every heaven-link through.

Truth is noble, falsehood mean;

Thine the choice to crawl or fly.

Shut out self, and live serene

In the sunshine of her eye.

As the love is, so is life.

Art thou wedded to the Good?

Beauteous bride and faithful wife,

When her "Aye" was understood

Truth's deep heart was sealed to thine;

Beauty in to bless thee stole;

And the joy of the Divine

Is the hearth-light of thy soul.

— — —
 LUCY LAROOM.

THE world at large has a deep sense of the virtue of honest substantiality in every exhibition that shall command their admiration. If a man makes a fine speech, which is felt to be only a curious procession of harmonious sounds, and not what it is meant to be, a true declaration of inward sentiment, the audience will not allow themselves to be cheated into admiration by such a mere phantasmagoria, any more than the palate will be pleased when the teeth have crushed a hollow nut; they may possibly make an applause noise with their hands and feet if the speaker occupies a commanding position, but they will whisper secretly—*humbug!*—*J. S. Blackie.*

To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is not necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favorable to a knowledge of manners; a private, to a knowledge of character.—*Chulow.*

THE POOR ARTIST;

OR,

SEVEN EYESIGHTS AND ONE OBJECT.

THE bestowing of guineas by the uncle was nothing more than charity, for the old gentleman set no value upon the greenhouse paintings which the artist had painted for grandma. He considered that the Poor Artist might be subjected for a few days to the cravings of hunger and thirst, and as such a misfortune would be a very disagreeable circumstance to him, he got rid of the thought of it by parting with a little money. Moreover, he viewed the matter in this light: being somewhat of an abstract thinker, or as he declared himself a philosopher, he considered that the Poor Artist, in laboring for his relatives, had disturbed the natural equilibrium of social intercourse, and it was no more than proper that the disturbance should be remedied, and this in harmony with well-known principles of political economy. He accordingly made the matter straight in his mind by passing over to the work man, wages and profits in the shape of lawful currency. The young fellow could expect nothing more, and he ought to be satisfied. And so far as the uncle was concerned, the Poor Artist undoubtedly was satisfied. Being a natural philosopher, and never at the court of worldly wisdom, he lived upon spiritual wealth, a kind of wealth of which there was no mention in the uncle's system of political economy.

Now the artist had that which he prized more than the uncle's money. Aurelia had given him a keepsake—a volume of *La Fontaine's Fables*. With this symbol of affection, and with lively hopes, he betook himself to a beautiful part of the country, where, with "all creation" for a studio, and a lodging at a farmer's house, he began to paint. Misfortune and disappointment, however, followed him to this Eden. The farmer's house took fire during his absence, and the fire consumed not only the poor farmer's dwelling, but all the Poor Artist's castles in the air; it destroyed five perfectly successful works of art, such as the world never saw before, and such as could not possibly be painted again. His hopes of fame and of Aurelia vanished, as he stood before the ruins of the farm-house, and gazed upon the ashes of his pictures, with eyes following the light flakes of cinders as they drifted away on the wind.

But life is life, and the world-struggles must be gone through. So he took leave of the burnt-out farmer, and his wife and children, all of them shedding tears, and hoping to meet again some day, here or in heaven.

When he got into the wood he sat down. He unpacked his sketching-box, laid a piece of canvas before him, looked at his colors and palette, then at his brushes, then at the peeps of landscape in front of him. But he gave it up with a deep sigh, and two or three scalding tears trickled down his cheek. He could not work.

Finding himself so depressed, he took out the dear little volume of *La Fontaine's Fables* from his pocket, kissed it devoutly, and began to read. He read on, and at last began to